the length of Preſter Iohns foot: fetch you a haire off the great Chams beard: doe you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than holde three words conference, with this harpy, you haue no imployment for me?

Pedro None, but to deſire your good company.

Benedicke O God ſir, heeres a diſh I loue not, I cannot indure my Ladie Tongue. *exit.*

Pedro Come Lady, come, you haue loſt the heart of ſignior Benedicke.

Beatrice Indeed my Lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gaue him vſe for it, a double heart for his ſingle one, mary once before he wonne it of me, with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay I haue loſt it.

Pedro You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beatrice So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Counte Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeeke.

Pedro Why how now Counte, wherefore are you ſad?

Claudio Not ſad my Lord.

Pedro How then? ſicke?

Claudio Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice The Counte is neither ſad, nor ſicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Counte, ciuil as an orange, and ſomething of that iealous complexion.

Pedro Ifaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though ile be ſworne, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe: heere Claudio, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leonato Counte take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it.

Beatrice Speake Counte, tis your Qu.

Claudio Silence is the perfecteſt Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my ſelfe for you, and doate vpon the exchange. *Beatr.*

Beat. Speake coſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with kiſſe, and let not him ſpeake neither.

Pedro Infaith lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on t windy ſide of Care, my coſin tells him in his eare that he is her heart

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth coſin.

Beat. Good Lord for aliance: thus goes euery one to t world but I, and I am ſun-burnt, I may ſit in a corner and cr heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: ha your grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excelle husbands if a maide coulde come by them.

Prince Will you haue me? lady.

Beatr. No my lord, vnles I might haue another for wor ing-daies, your grace is too coſtly to weare euery day: bu beſeech your grace pardon me, I was born to ſpeake all mirt and no matter.

Prince Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry, be becomes you, for out a queſtion, you were borne in a mer hower.

Beatr. No ſure my lord, my mother cried, but then the was a ſtarre daunſt, and vnder that was I borne, coſins Go giue you ioy.

Leonato Neece, will you looke to thoſe things I tolde yo of?

Beat I crie you mercy vncle, by your graces pardon. *exit Beatrice.*

Prince By my troth a pleaſant ſpirited lady.

Leon. Theres little of the melancholy element in her m lord, ſhe is neuer ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps, & not euer ſad the for I haue heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreampt vnhappines, and wakt her ſelfe with laughing.

Pedro She cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato O by no meanes, ſhe mockes al her wooers out ſute.